

The Alleghanian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.
J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

TERMS: \$2.00 PER ANNUM.
\$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 5.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1863.

NUMBER 10.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Office.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Bethel Station	Enoch Reese,	Blacklick.
Carrolltown	Joseph Behe,	Carroll.
Crosson Springs	Henry Nutter,	Chest.
Crosson	A. G. Crooks,	Taylor.
Crosson	J. Houston,	Wash'tn.
Ebensburg	John Thompson,	Ebensburg.
Fallen Timber	Asa H. Fiske,	White.
Gallitzin	J. M. Christy,	Gallitzin.
Hemlock	Wm. Tiley, Jr.,	Wash'tn.
Johnstown	I. E. Chandler,	Johnst'wn.
Loretto	M. Adlesberger,	Loretto.
Mineral Point	E. Wissingner,	Conem'gh.
Monaster	A. Durbin,	Monster.
Plattsville	Andrew J. Ferral,	Sus'han.
Roseland	G. W. Bowman,	White.
St. Augustine	Stan. Wharton,	Clearfield.
Scalp Level	George Berkey,	Richland.
Sonman	B. M. Colgan,	Wash'tn.
Summerhill	B. F. Slick,	Croyle.
Summit	William McConnell,	Wash'tn.
Wilmore	Morris Keil,	S'merhill.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, & C.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. J. S. LEMMON, Preacher in charge. Rev. J. GRAY, Assistant. Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10 o'clock in the morning, or 7 in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Wesley Independent—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meeting on the first Monday evening of each month; and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.

Calvinistic Methodist—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 7 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Baptist—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

Baptist—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 7 o'clock, P. M.

Catholic—Rev. M. J. MITCHELL, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 11 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " " 11 o'clock, A. M.

MAILS CLOSE.
Eastern, daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.
Western, " " 8 o'clock, P. M.

The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongsville, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.
Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 5 A. M.

The mails from Newnan's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.
Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

Station.	Time.
West—Balt. Express leaves at	8.43 A. M.
" " " " " " " "	9.50 P. M.
" " " " " " " "	9.22 A. M.
" " " " " " " "	8.38 P. M.
East—Through Express " " " "	8.38 P. M.
" " " " " " " "	12.34 A. M.
" " " " " " " "	6.58 A. M.
" " " " " " " "	10.39 A. M.

WILMORE STATION.
West—Balt. Express leaves at 9.06 A. M.
" " " " " " " " 9.06 P. M.
East—Through Express " 8.11 P. M.
" " " " " " " " 6.36 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Bailey, Henry C. Devine.

Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donnald.

Register and Recorder—Edward F. Lytle.

Sheriff—John Buck.

District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.

County Commissioners—Peter J. Little, Jno. Campbell, Edward Glass.

Treasurer—Thomas Callin.

For House Directors—William Douglass, George Delany, Irwin Rutledge.

For House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.

Acting—Thomas J. Nelson, William J. Williams, George C. K. Zahm.

County Surveyor—Henry Scanlan.

Coroner—James Shannon.

Narcotic Appraiser—Geo. W. Easley.

Sup't. of Common Schools—J. F. Condon.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

BOROUGH AT LARGE.
Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkaid.
Assessor—James Myers.
School Directors—Abel Lloyd, Phil S. Noon.
Police—D. Parrish, Hugh Jones, E. J. Mills, David J. Jones.

EAST WARD.
Constable—Evan E. Evans.
Town Council—John J. Evans, Thomas J. Davis, John W. Roberts, John Thompson, D. J. Jones.

WEST WARD.
Constable—M. M. O'Neill.
Town Council—R. S. Bunn, Edward Glass, John A. Blair, John D. Thomas, George W. Williams.

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Select Poetry.

Twilight.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

No bird-song floated down the hill,
The tangled bank below was still;
No rustle from the birchen stem,
No ripple from the water's hem.
The dusk of twilight round us grew,
We felt the falling of the dew;
For, from us, ere the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.
But on the river's farther side
We saw the hill-tops glorified—
A tender glow, exceeding fair,
A dream of day without its glare.
With us the damp, the chill, the gloom;
With them the sunset's rosy bloom;
While dark, thro' willow vistas seen,
The river rolled in shade between.
From out the darkness where we trod
We gazed upon those hills of God,
Whose light seemed not of moon or sun.
We spake not, but our thought was one.
We paused, as if from that bright shore
Beckoned our dear ones gone before;
And stilled our beating hearts to hear
The voices lost to mortal ear!
Sudden our pathway turned from night;
The hills swung open to the light;
Thro' their green gates the sunshine showed,
A long, slant splendor downward flowed.
Down glade and glen and bank it rolled;
It bridged the shaded stream with gold;
And, borne on piers of mist, allied
The shadowy world the sunlit side!
"So," prayed we, "when our feet draw near
The river, dark with mortal fear,
"And the night cometh, chill with dew,
O Father!—let thy light break through!
"So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide!"
"So let the eyes that fail on earth
Oa thy eternal hills look forth,
"And in thy beckoning angels know
The dear ones whom we loved below!"

Scenes after the Battle.

Among all the sketches that we have seen from the fields of battle, we have read none with more tender interest than the record of the labors of two women in the service of the Sanitary Commission, at Gettysburg. It is published in tract form, under the title of "What we did at Gettysburg." We make some extracts:

"For the temporary sheltering and feeding of all these wounded men, Government could make no provision. There was nothing for them, if too late for the cars, except the open field and hunger, in preparation for their fatiguing journey. It is expected when the cars are ready that the men will be promptly sent to meet them, and Government cannot provide for mistakes and delays, so that but for the Sanitary Commission's Lodge, and comfortable supplies, for which the wounded are indebted to the hard workers at home, men, badly hurt, must have suffered night and day while waiting for the 'next train.'"

"We had on an average sixty of such men each night for three weeks under our care, sometimes one hundred, sometimes thirty; and with the 'delegation,' and the help of other gentlemen volunteers, who all worked devotedly for the men, the whole thing was a great success, and you and all of us can't help being thankful that we had a share, however small, in making it so. Sixteen thousand good meals were given; hundreds of men kept through the day, and twelve hundred sheltered at night, their wounds dressed, their supper and breakfast secured, rebel and all. You will not, I am sure, regret that these wretched men, these 'enemies,' sick and in prison, were helped and cared for, through your supplies, tho' certainly they were not in your minds when you packed your barrels and boxes. The clothing we reserved for our own men, except now and then when a shivering rebel needed it, but in feeding them we could make no distinctions. It was curious to see among our workers at the Lodge the disgust and horror felt for rebels giving place to the kindest feelings for wounded men."

"Among our wounded soldiers, one night, came an elderly man, sick, wounded, and crazy, singing and talking about home. We did what we could for him, and pleased him greatly with the present of a red flannel shirt, drawers, and red calico dressing gown, all of which he needed, and in which he dressed himself up, and then wrote a letter to his wife, and made it into a little book with gingham covers, and gave it to one of the gentlemen to mail for him. The next morning he

was sent on with the company from the Lodge, and that evening two tired women came into our regiment, his wife and sister, who hurried on from their home to meet him, arriving just too late. Fortunately, we had the queer little gingham book to identify him by, and when some one said, 'It is the man, you know, who screamed so,' the poor wife was certain about him. He had been crazy before the war, but not for two years now, she said. He had been fretting for home since he was hurt, and when the doctor told him there was no chance of his being sent there, he lost heart, and wrote to his wife to come and carry him away. It seemed almost hopeless for two lone women, who had never been out of their own little town, to succeed in finding a soldier among so many, sent in so many different directions, but we helped them as we could, and started them on a journey next morning, back on their track, to use their common sense and Yankee privilege of questioning. A week after, Mrs. — had a letter full of gratitude, saying that the husband was found and secured for home."

"That same night we had in our tents two fathers, with their wounded sons, and a nice old German mother with her boy. She had come in from Wisconsin, and brought with her a patchwork bed quilt for her son, thinking he might have lost his blanket, and there he laid, all covered up in his quilt, looking so home-like, and feeling so, too, no doubt, with his good old mother close at his side. She seemed bright and happy, had three sons in the army—one had been killed, this one wounded, yet she was so pleased with the tents, and the care she saw taken there with the soldiers, that while taking her tea from a barrel head, she said, 'Indeed, if she was a man, she'd be a soldier too, right off.'"

"Late one afternoon—too late for the cars—a train of ambulances arrived at our Lodge with over one hundred rebels, to be cared for through the night. Only one among them seemed too weak and faint to take anything. He was badly hurt and failing. I went to him after his wound was dressed, and found him lying on his blanket stretched over the straw—a fair-haired, blue-eyed young lieutenant; a face innocent enough for one of our own New England boys. I could not think of him as a rebel; he was too near heaven for that. He wanted nothing; had not been willing to eat for days, his comrades said; but I coaxed him to try a little milk gruel, made nicely with lemon and brandy, and one of the satisfactions of our three weeks is the remembrance of the empty cup I took away afterward, and his perfect enjoyment of that supper. 'It was so good—the best thing he had had since he was wounded,' and he thanked me so much, and talked about his 'good supper' for hours."

Poor creature, he had no care, and it was a surprise and pleasure to find himself thought of; so, in a pleased, childlike way, he talked about it till midnight, the attendant told me, as long as he spoke of anything, for at midnight the change came, and from that time he only thought of the old days before he was a soldier, when he sang hymns in his father's church. He sang them now again, in a clear, sweet voice, 'Lord have mercy upon me,' and then sang songs without words—a sort of low intoning. His father was a Lutheran clergyman in South Carolina, one of the rebels told us in the morning, when we went into the tent, to find him sliding out of care."

"All day long we watched him, sometimes fighting his battles over, oftener singing his Lutheran chants, till in the tent door, close to which he lay, looked a rebel soldier, just arrived with other prisoners. He started when he saw the Lieutenant, and exclaimed, kneeling down by him, 'Henry! Henry!' But Henry was looking at some one a great way off, and could not hear him. 'Do you know this soldier?' we said. 'Oh, yes, ma'am; and his brother is wounded, and a prisoner, too, in the cars, now.' Two or three men started after him, found him, and half carried him from the cars to the tent. Henry did not know him, though; and he threw himself down by his side on the straw, and for the rest of the day lay in a sort of apathy, without speaking, except to assure himself that he could stay with his brother without the risk of being separated from his fellow-prisoners."

"And there the brothers lay, and there we strangers sat listening to the strong, clear voice singing, 'Lord have mercy upon me.' The Lord had mercy, and at sunset I put my hand upon the lieutenant's heart to find it still. All night the brother lay close against the coffin, and in the morning went away with his comrades, leaving us to bury Henry, having 'confidence,' but first thanking us for what we had done, and giving all that he had to

show his gratitude—the palmetto ornament from his brother's cap and a button from his coat. Dr. W. read the burial service that morning at the grave, and wrote his name on the little headboard—'Lieutenant Rauch, 14th Regt. Carolina Vols.'"

Gen. Lee and his Slaves.

The following extract from a private letter written by a young man connected with the Army of the Potomac, to his father in Massachusetts, and published in the Boston Journal, gives some facts concerning the rebel Gen. Lee, and his treatment of his slaves, which forcibly illustrate the brutalizing effects of slavery. The letter is dated at Ft. Albany, Va.:

"Some time ago I called on one of Gen. Lee's old slaves, to find out what I could of that highly praised man. I am going to see him again when an opportunity presents itself. You know Gen. Lee is considered an unadulterated 'F.F.V.' He was the superlative of the upper tondom of aristocratic and presumptuous Virginia. This slave, now a man, and a christian man, too, is very old and unable to do much, consequently he was left upon the estate. Of course he is extremely ignorant, but nevertheless is quite intelligent, and can tell a straightforward story as clearly as any one."

"Gen. Lee was more dreaded by his slaves than were any of his overseers. His estate was immense. At Arlington he owned (through his wife) seven hundred acres in one lot, eleven hundred acres in another, and other large tracts in the State. He had four hundred slaves right here; how many more elsewhere I don't know. Thus, you see, 'his possessions were very great,' and being so near Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria, very valuable. He had carriages, plate, and all the equipage of a proud Virginia aristocrat. He was 'almost worshiped' by the gay, the haughty, the renowned and gifted. His position was envied, his name honored."

"This slave had a score of sons and daughters. One by one they were torn from him, until now, in his helpless old age, but one son and two daughters remain. One daughter and the son were too young to be carried away, and the other daughter was too smart to be entrapped. It was really affecting to hear this old man tell his wrongs and his anguish at parting with his loved ones. He 'knew they would have to be sold sometime,' he said, 'but they were my children, and I couldn't help loving them.' Some were seized in his presence, and sold before his face; others were meanly stolen at night and hurried off without a good-by blessing."

"One day the slaves had been worked unusually hard. It had rained furiously all day, (and I know what a Virginia rain is.) At evening they returned to their huts, wet, weary and hungry. This family had nothing to eat; they had been at work all day, and couldn't prepare anything, and two of the boys went to the brook to catch a few fish. It was dark, but they were seen and reported. The aristocratic Gen. Lee ordered them to be whipped at a certain hour the next day. All the slaves were assembled to see the flogging. 'It was done in the barn,' and he pointed out the desecrated building. The overseer lashed away at the boys till their backs were raw and bleeding. Next came a girl; her back was stripped and her hands tied so that her feet could just touch the floor. The overseer gazed at her tortured form and hesitated. Lee ordered him to flog her. 'I can't do it,' was the reply. Again he ordered, and again the overseer replied, 'Master, I can't and won't whip a woman.' Lee snatched the whip and with his own hands flogged a helpless woman, which his overseer had the manliness to not do. As I heard this black man tell these stories, I felt what I cannot express. My heart throbbled with indignation, and my body trembled with passion. Oh, how I wanted the power to avenge this man's foul wrongs. Because he was black, he suffered cruelties which we would not allow a dog to suffer. I thought of our own loved family. What if I were cruelly whipped for getting food for a half starved mother? What if my sisters were rudely snatched away and sold to brutal men?—What if my father were trampled under foot as a chattel, and not a word of intercession permitted? And I thought, too, of a righteous God beholding all these things, and wondering how long He would allow all this wickedness. I prayed as never before for the slave, and, trusting my faith to Him whose ways are so mysterious, I consecrated myself to His and my country's sacred cause of liberty and righteousness. My dependence is in Him, and I cannot, I will not, believe He will allow the oppressor to triumph. Some tell us at home, even, that slavery is a 'divine institution,' and blame us for speaking aught against it. I thank God

I never thought so, and that I have seen enough never to think so. How a being can say that flagrant injustice, brutality, and inhuman barbarity are 'divine,' I can not see. He is a being, but not a man. As for me, my 'anti-slavery' is stronger than ever, and immovably fixed. We are being taught that we must 'let my children go,' and I were unworthy a mother's kiss, a father's blessing, a sister's tear, or a brother's affection, did I not use every exertion—feeble or powerful—to enforce the lesson."

"After Lee had lacerated the girl's body, he bathed the yet bleeding wounds in brine. Now that hand is raised against his country."

The Draft Enrollments.

The Provost Marshal General has issued the following highly important order:

Circular No. 101.—As complaints have been made that errors have occurred in the enrollment of the National forces by the omission of persons whose names should have been enrolled, and by the addition of names of persons who, by reason of alienage, and for other causes, ought not to have been enrolled, and as it is desirable that the Department should have such information as may be necessary in order to do full justice to all parties, it is hereby ordered,

1. The Board of Enrollment of each District shall have printed lists of the names and residences of all persons enrolled in each sub-district, prepared and exposed to public view, in at least five places in each sub-district, and in as many more as the Board may deem necessary. Names will be placed upon these lists in alphabetical order.

2. Public notice will be given by advertisement upon the list of names, and in the newspapers, that any person enrolled may appear before the Board and claim to have his name stricken off the list, if he can show, to the satisfaction of the Board, that he is not, and will not be at the time fixed for next draft, liable to military duty on account of—first, alienage; second, non-residence; third, unsuitableness of age; fourth, manifest permanent physical disability.

3. Persons who may be cognizant of any other persons liable to military duty, whose names do not appear on the enrollment list, are requested to notify the Board of Enrollment, who shall thereupon direct the Enrolling Officer of the sub-district in which the parties reside to ascertain the facts, and enroll the persons so reported if they are found to be subject to enrollment. These may avail themselves of the privilege of appearing, as specified in paragraph 1, as if they had been originally enrolled.

4. Boards of Enrollment will use all diligence in collecting the necessary information and making the requisite notes to perfect the enrollment list.

5. Boards of Enrollment will hear cases as provided in paragraph 2, until the 20th of December, 1863, after which no cases will be heard. As soon as possible thereafter, a report of proposed corrections will be made out, according to the printed instructions, and transmitted to the Provost Marshal General.

6. The names and residences of those proposed to be stricken off or added will be written upon sheets of consolidated enrollment lists (forms 37 and 38), and transmitted to the Provost Marshal General for the purpose of correcting the lists on file.

JAMES B. FRY,
Provost Marshal General.

There has recently turned up a sad but interesting memento of Col. Black.—It is now in possession of his respected wife. A rebel officer who witnessed the engagement in which the gallant Colonel lost his life, and no doubt intensely admired the bold dash and chivalric spirit which characterized his movements on that memorable occasion, saw him fall and die on the battle-field. He was so much interested in the man, although an entire stranger and an enemy, he caused a photograph to be taken of him when dead, and endorsed on it, "A Brave Soldier." The photograph happened to be shown in a group of rebel officers, and one of them at once recognized it to be the image of Colonel S. W. Black, of Pittsburg, Pa.—This simple and brief tribute to the bravery of the Colonel, elicited from a stranger and an enemy, is not needed here. So says the Pittsburg Commercial.

The payments for all the branches of the public service for the fiscal year ending with the last of June were \$903,000,000, of which amount \$66,000,000 for the navy. A sufficiency of money has been placed in the hands of all the paymasters to pay our armies up to the first of the present month.

Subscribe for THE ALLEGHANIAN

Sickness not Causeless.

There never can be a disease without a cause; and almost always the cause is in the person who is ill; he has either done something which he ought not to have done, or else he has omitted something which he should have attended to.

Another important item is, that sickness does not, as a general thing, come suddenly; as seldom does it thus come, as a house becomes enveloped in flames on the instant of the fire first breaking out.—There is generally a spark, a tiny flame, a trifling blaze. It is so with disease, and promptitude is always an important element of safety and deliverance. A little child wakes up at night with a disturbing cough, but which after a while, passes off, and the parents feel relieved; the second night the cough is more decided; the third, it is a croup, and in a few hours more, the darling is dead!

Had that child been kept warm in bed the whole day after the coughing was first noticed, had fed lightly, and got abundant, warm sleep, it would have had no cough the second night, and the day after would have been well.

An incalculable amount of human suffering and many lives would be saved every year, if two things were done uniformly. First, when any uncomfortable feeling is noticed, begin at once, to trace the cause of it, and avoid that cause ever after. Second, use means at once to the symptom; and among these, the best of those which are most universally available and applicable, are rest, warmth, abstinence, a clean person and a pure air. When animals are ill, they follow nature's instincts, and lie down to rest. Many a valuable life has been lost by the unwise efforts of the patient to "keep up," when the most fitting place was a warm bed and a quiet apartment.

Some persons attempt to harden their constitutions by exposing themselves to the cause which induced their suffering, as if they could, by so doing, get accustomed to the exposure, and ever after endure it with impunity. A good constitution, like a good garment, lasts the longer by its being taken care of. If a finger has been burned by putting it in the fire, and cured never so well, it will be burned again as often as it is put in the fire; such a result is inevitable. There is no such thing as hardening one's self against the causes of disease. What gives a man cold to-day will give him a cold to-morrow, and the next day, and the next. What lies in the stomach like a heavy weight to-day, will do the same to-morrow; not in a less degree, but in a greater; and as we get older, or get more under the influence of disease, lesser causes have greater ill effects; so, the older we get, the greater need is there for increasing efforts to avoid hardships and exposure, and being more prompt in rectifying any "symptoms" by rest, warmth, and abstinence.

A provision of law has been in force since the 30th of June last, which, when it comes to be better known, will materially effect the business of express companies so far as small parcels are concerned. All the articles specified below may be sent in the mails (in packages not weighing over four pounds) for any distance in the United States, at the rate of two cents for each additional four ounces or fraction thereof, (meaning that 7 1/2 ounces may be sent for four cents, &c.) that is to say:

Manuscripts, occasional publications, book manuscript and proof sheets whether corrected or not; maps, prints, engravings, blanks, flexible pattern, sample cards; photographic paper, letter envelopes, postal envelopes or wrappers, cards, paper, plain or ornamental, photographic representations of all types, seeds, cuttings, bulbs, roots and scions, and all other matter which may be hereafter declared mailable.

Bound books are taken at double the above specified rate. Any book weighing less than four ounces may be sent for four cents, &c. The postage must be prepaid by stamps. Thus, a pound of mustard seed (not quite a pound, say two grains less) may be sent by a person in Milwaukee, or in Oregon, so far as the matter of distance is concerned, to a friend in Eastport, Maine, for sixteen cents. The express companies would charge at least a dollar for the same service.

The soundest argument produces no more conviction in an empty head than the most superficial declamation; as a feather and a guinea fall with equal velocity in a vacuum.

When Jones discovered that he had polished his bedmate's boots instead of his own; he called it an aggravated instance of "laboring under a mistake."